UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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A Good Will Meeting

By SYDNEY STRONG

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XVII

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By T. E. MERRITT

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part V—*Chapter* XXX

By M. K. GANDHI

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 211
A Good Will Meeting—SYDNEY STRONG..... 213
Jottings—J. H. H..... 215
Items from a Traveler's Note-Book—XVII —JOHN HAYNES HOLMES..... 216

ARTICLES—

To a Christian Minister Who Approves Hanging—T. E. MERRITT..... 219
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part V—Chapter XXX—M. K. GANDHI.... 221

POETRY—

A Text for Humanists—*Henri Barbusse*..... 211
Four Definitions—WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.... 220

THE STUDY TABLE—

Poetry—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES..... 222

CORRESPONDENCE—

The Centralia Victims—EUGENE BARNETT.... 222

THE FIELD—

Quadrennial Address of Board of Bishops of Church of the United Brethren in Christ... 223

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1929 NUMBER 14

A TEXT FOR HUMANISTS

"Truth, the religion that no man knows.
The direction of truth is other than we believe.
Truth does not come from God to us, but from us to God.
Such is the course of truth.
And the spirit comes from below.
We must no longer start from above. That which does not begin with ourselves, does not exist. We do not fall from heaven, but raise ourselves toward the skies."
—*Henri Barbusse:* **"Jesus."**

There are plenty of criticisms to be offered of President Hoover's National Law Enforcement Commission, and some of these criticisms we deem important. The one woman member of the Commission, for example, President Comstock, of Radcliffe, looks pretty lonely. Miss Comstock is a host in herself and a noble representative of the womanhood of America, but we wish there were at least one other woman to keep her company among so many men. Again, ten lawyers on a Commission of eleven members, even a Commission which has to do with the problem of the law and its enforcement, look to us like too much of a good thing. We think that other viewpoints than those of the attorney and the judge are of the utmost importance in this matter. Thus, we should like to have seen on the Commission a settlement-worker like John Lovejoy Elliott, or Lilian D. Wald; a social scientist, like Edward T. Devine; a physician, like Dr. Haven Emerson; a psychologist, like Professor Harry Overstreet; a religionist, like Professor Harry F. Ward; a penologist, like Warden Lawes, of Sing Sing. Such men would have given a scope and quality to the inquiry which cannot be realized, we fear, in a group so predominantly and almost exclusively legal as this just appointed by the President. But, these criticisms and others being duly registered, and Mr. Hoover's own point of view being accepted, we hasten now to add that we think the Commission in its personnel is a remarkable one, and constitutes new evidence of the superior judgment and capacity of the Chief Executive of this nation. Men like Newton D. Baker, Dean Pound, of Harvard, Frank J. Loesch, now Vice President of the Crime Commission of Chicago, Judge William S. Kenyon, of Iowa, and Judge Paul J. McCormick, of California, lend distinction and authority to any body. This Commission, within the limitations above stated, is altogether extraordinary. And when we remember the difficulties which the President must have encountered in his search for talent, we can feel moved only to congratulate him and the citizens of this country upon the results achieved. Once again we are called upon to note our conviction that the United States today has a real President!

The Governor of Michigan is to be congratulated on his courageous and plain-spoken veto of the bill recently passed by the legislature of that state restoring the barbarity of capital punishment. Michigan has been for more than two generations one of the banner states of the Union in having gotten rid of the business of official murder. In all these years, nobody has been able to argue that murders have been unusually numerous within the borders of the state, and the lives of citizens therefore more in jeopardy than in other states (Illinois, for example, which has capital punishment operating in Chicago as well as in other cities and towns!!). On the contrary, the record of Michigan, like the record of Maine, another banner state, has been unusually good. Thus, in homicide rate, Michigan stands eighth among the states of the United States with a percentage of 3.70, with rates running from 3.76 to 12.9 in states operating the gallows or the electric-chair at full blast. But in the present mania for fighting crime with increased severity of punishment—a discredited superstition which persists in coming to life every once in so often!—the Michigan legislators allowed themselves to be stampeded, and passed a capital punishment law of unprecedented rigor. Fortunately, their very madness undid them, for the Governor was forced, altogether apart from the principles and ideals involved, to veto a measure which could never have been enforced. It is to be hoped that this conspicuous triumph for sanity and right-mindedness may mark the turning of the tide in the battle for the abolition of capital punishment. Having repelled a dangerous invasion of one of the few really civilized areas of the country, let us now advance upon the enemy and banish from all America this last most cruel survivival of ancient savagery.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the O'Fallon case, pertaining to the valuation and rate-fixing of railroads, moves us to testify again to our utter confusion and amazement on this whole matter of valuation. According to the decision of the Court—which, by the way, was not concurred in by Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis, and Justice Stone, beyond all dispute the ablest men sitting on this august body—the valuation of railroads must be based upon the principle of reproduction cost. This is the thing we cannot understand! As an ignorant layman, we have encountered this principle in the case of subway fares in New York City, telephone charges in New York State, and other questions of the same kind elsewhere, and always we have found ourselves utterly at a loss to know what on earth is meant. Take a simple, ordinary example drawn from daily life! We recently purchased a little house on the coast of Maine. This house was built, and well built, some forty years ago. We paid for it a moderate price based (apart from the land) on the value of the house as it actually stands today, and the price, of course, was a moderate one. Not otherwise could we have purchased it! It amuses us to think what the cost of the house would have been had the owner placed upon it a price estimated upon the principle of what it would have cost today to reproduce it. Nobody wants to reproduce this house—the value of its sale and occupancy are gladly estimated on both sides from the standpoint of its present use. Why should not the same thing apply to railroads, telephone systems, subways, etc.? Nobody is going to destroy these properties, and the question of their reproduction cost is therefore as ridiculous as the question of traveling to Mars. What we have here, as it seems to us from the ordinary lay point of view, is just one of those fantasies of the law which are as inane as the similar fantasies which cumber up the world of theology. Yet it is this baseless, unreal, utterly silly point of view which has determined the judgment of the greatest court in the world in what has been described as "one of the greatest law suits in history." What we need, evidently, is a legal education. But at this particular moment we grimly record that we are glad we have not got one!

It certainly is fortunate if the report is true that the Bolsheviki are planning to abandon their hostile attitude toward religion and the church. Fortunate especially for the Bolsheviki themselves, but fortunate also for the Russian people and for the world at large! The history of the Revolution since the early honeymoon days shows that the Soviet leaders have plainly not known what to do with the religious problem. They started from the sound conviction that the Russian Church was hostile to the Revolution, an active agent of reaction, and an enemy, therefore, to be fought and, if possible, destroyed. They then extended this conviction, however, to the utterly unsound proposition that because the Russian Church was the abode of ignorance, superstition and corruption, therefore all churches were vile and religion itself a conspiracy against mankind. This attitude was reinforced by the out-and-out materialistic philosophy which is the foundation of all Communistic thought upon fundamental questions. On the other hand, however, there was the principle basic to the Revolutionary idea of religious freedom. How could the Soviets fight the church and uproot religion, and at the same time protect the rights of the people to practice the observances of religion if they so desired? The Russian authorities have never really known how to solve this dilemma, and have thus followed a policy which has been unsatisfactory to themselves, has alienated the sympathy of friends, has made innumerable enemies, and has created nothing but trouble among the Russian people. It would seem as though the time had indeed come for a frank recognition upon the part of the Soviet Government that religion is one of the things that should and can most wisely be left alone. One thing is certain and that is that the capacity of the old Russian Church to work political mischief at the expense of the Revolution is ended forever. The Republic has nothing to fear from anything that the priests can do today. This being the case, what wiser thing can the Government do than abandon its active hostility to religion, and thus fulfil its own ideal of the utter separation of church and state? Such decision on their part will be no confession of failure. It will only be honest recognition of the fact, taught by all history, that religion is an enduring thing and therefore must be accepted as one of the constant factors of human life.

Nothing has pleased us so much in years as the recent rebuke administered to American Communists by Moscow. In saying this, we feel guilty of unkindness, for we find no happiness in the unhappiness of other people. Furthermore, while no Communist ourself, we have long been kindly affectioned toward our Communist brethren as sincere folk resolutely seeking their ideal of justice and right in the face of mean and cruel persecution. But these Communists have always aggravated us, first, because of their Pharisaical assurance of self-righteousness, their arrogant assumption of infallibility, their utter intolerance, their sweeping assertion that they alone have the truth and that everybody else is in error. Then, too, we have despised the infinite capacity of the Communists in this country to make trouble. Their one idea of propaganda, apparently, is not to serve their own interests but to interfere with somebody else's. They seem to measure

efficiency in terms not of advancing their own cause but of destroying some other cause. What they have done to some of our trades unions, and to our Socialist Party, is a crime of the first order. When we have charged the Communists with these offenses, they have always smiled in superior fashion, and told us *they* knew what they were doing. And now comes Moscow, the holy papacy of Communism, center of all wisdom and source of all light, to tell them they know nothing of the sort. The high panjandrums of the Third International denounce their American associates for bungling their job, and summon them to stop their quarreling, abandon their narrowness and stupidity, and do something worth while. This is a most wholesome rebuke. Right or wrong in their opinions, the Communist party in America is composed on the whole of the most incompetent bunch of trouble-makers we have ever known.

The progress of church union is more rapid and substantial than most people realize. The fact that we still have denominational churches, and that the great mass of church activity is still being carried along on denominational lines obscures the fact that barriers are tumbling and churches coming together. If we had no other sign than that of the amazing growth and extension of the Community Church movement during the last decade, this would be enough to indicate the trend of the times. But there are other and more dramatic examples of practical church union which only have to be brought to mind at one and the same time to create conviction that the beginning of the end of what Dr. Peter Ainslie has so well called "the scandal of Christianity" is at hand. It was only five years ago that three great denominations in Canada, the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists, formed a merger, the beneficent results of which have recently been described as "amazing." In imitation of this example across the border, our own American Congregationalists and Disciples have recently come together. This very month there was consummated in Scotland the union of the two Presbyterian denominations, severed so long ago, the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. A year ago the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country appointed a commission to study the possibilities of union with other religious bodies, and this commission is at work in a way that indicates real business. More recently the Presbytery of New York unanimously adopted a resolution looking to such a union with other churches. The Lutherans are this summer to hold a world conference in Copenhagen to the end of bringing together their National bodies and their various sub-denominational divisions. Dr. Ainslie has described denominationalism as "a denial of Christian brotherhood." This is an obvious truth. What an indictment of Christianity that it has taken nearly two thousand years to discover this fact, and to secure action to end the shame of it forever!

A Good Will Meeting

This morning the writer attended a Peace and Good Will meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York. There were three speakers, who, with the presiding officer, made four men—a Jew, an Indian, a Chinese, a British-American. They represented a billion of the people of the earth! It turned out to be a racial exhibit—with the question in the back of the brain, "Watchman, what of the night?" Where is there hope? From the West? Or, from the men of the Orient? A tremendous study. The writer will express the thoughts that rushed through his mind, for utterance.

Is salvation from war from the Jews? One must ponder over that. It is clear that the visions of peace are found for the most part in Jewish scriptures. "They shall beat their swords into plowshares . . . neither shall they learn war any more. . . . But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid." The Jews had a persistent and consistent prophecy of peace for a thousand years. Jesus, who is portrayed as realizing that prophecy, was a Jew. The modern Jew seems to reveal conspicuous qualities that mark him as a peacemaker—and he has only lately had a chance. What of the Zionist movement? Will that develop into a reconciliation, peace movement for all mankind? It may be. No one this day can say. It was a curious symbol that in this meeting Dr. Sidney Goldstein, a Jew, was the man who handled the reins over these three representatives of earth's races. Will a Jew sit on the driver's seat? Is salvation of the Jews?

For India, with her 300,000,000, Kader Das Gupta spoke. He is the organizer, in part or whole, of brotherhood movements, like the League of Neighbors, the Fellowship of Faiths. He brought his turban and gown into Carnegie Hall. He spoke sweet sentiments and touched upon ethical principles, along with delicate criticisms of the West. The writer had to fill up his speech with what he knew of Gandhi and Tagore. Das Gupta visualized the millions of India suffering under the humiliation and oppression of foreign domination, and knew that on the coming 1st of January India would demand a standing like that of Canada within

the empire of Britain or move for complete independence. So India can not be counted out of the coming peace program!

For China, with her 400,000,000, a young man dressed like a Harvard graduate stepped forward, and in perfect English flavored with a few colloquialisms told where this great people came in the peace program. It was Paul C. Meng. It was tremendous. This young man had come from faraway China, and was now standing on a platform made possible by a Scotchman, named Carnegie—who curiously had an interest in peace—and was telling the people of the West, what even this Scotchman never knew. He was doing it in the "King's English" and with the style of Chesterfield. The Nordic complex began to shrivel up. He said:

> Twenty-four hundred years ago China was in the condition that Europe now is—divided into suspicious, warring sections. Then, there arose several wise men, and due to their teachings and leadership, the Chinese became peaceful. Three principles regulated their lives: 1. Non-aggression. 2. Abolition of soldiery. 3. The application of projecting love. China was peaceful, until 1838, when there came the humiliating Opium War, followed by other oppressive injustices, enforced by arms from the outside. This treatment from the outside has aroused China into new unity—and the day is not far off when rights that have been taken from China will be restored. The Chinese people can demand nothing less. In all this process, the Chinese people seek the peace of the nations, as well as their own.

When young Meng sat down the audience realized that China soon would be among the foremost nations to bring in peace and good will.

Then Linley V. Gordon spoke "for Christendom." Quite a task! Mr. Gordon is a British-American, born in Australia. He represented the writer and all the Nordics of the globe. And he is in the business of promoting peace in the World Alliance of Churches. He had the loud Nordic voice, assertive and commanding. He is not to blame, for he with it was born—like other Nordics. It is the voice of the warrior. There must be schools for voice culture for Peace. The Nordic voice is not good for a good will meeting. Besides, he had the best position—at the end. Maybe not his fault, but one would think that someone would have seen that in our land, the strangers had the best "seats at the table." But, that would have been un-Nordic.

This thought came to the writer's mind. What a chance! Here are two men, representatives of India and China, and there steps forth a Nordic to speak on the matter of good will and peace on earth. What a chance for an apology! Paul Meng had referred to the Opium War as the beginning of their bondage, and here was a British Nordic, son of the men who did it. There had spoken also a man from India, whose land had been in bondage to a Nordic imperialistic power for over a hundred years, and was bending every energy to amend it or break it. What a chance for apology. Was there any intimation of it? Nay, verily. Mr. Gordon spoke well of resolutions, of pacts, of organized efforts for disarmament, for peace, for getting the churches to unite to stamp out war—but let us Nordics listen to our consciences for a moment—what chance is there for peace and good will among nations, as long as Australians will not permit Chinese to live in that almost uninhabited island, which is larger than the United States; as long as American Nordics will not permit Chinese and Japanese to come to these shores and live as neighbors? What good will a "1000 picked men" do in a religious congress for 19 days for the peace of the world, as long as the congregations of these "1000 picked men" take and hold the lands of their neighbors? Such religion will look like hypocrisy. It is hypocrisy!

What an opportunity for this British-American-Australian Nordic speaking to these three men from the Orient to say, "We seek good will and peace! What we have taken from you, we restore four-fold." Any doubt, then, of sincerity? Any difficulty about peace? "We acknowledge, we have sinned in our eagerness to acquire—in Africa, in Asia, in America—where not? Call the wise men together, the engineers, surveyors—as Abraham did with Lot—you take your pick. If you take the valley land, we will take the hills. Let there be peace between us; for we are brethren!"

Mr. Gordon spoke as every Nordic speaks, as if the peace of the world depended upon the Nordic. They say, "The peace of the world is in the hands of America and Britain." Is it? Never, unless they repent. Unless they surrender the ships and lands and human rights they have stolen from their neighbors, they can not be peacemakers. Every American ought to blush when he rides in the "Leviathan." Ever hear of one blushing? The Nordic thinks he can promote peace by organization. Never! By laws and courts. Never! By the big powers getting together and agreeing to reduce armament! It is to laugh.

It is well for the Nordic to notice, that instead of his being the hope of the world in matters of peace, he is doubtless the world's greatest war menace. The Nordic is the high-priest of Mars. He has been and still is the conspicuous aggressor on land, sea and air. He contests ownership everywhere, for security and exploitation. Certainly, the countrymen of Paul Meng would not threaten the peace of mankind, if left alone. Quite the contrary. The countrymen of Mr. Gupta would not threaten the peace of the world, if left alone. Quite the contrary. Neither would Russia, if left alone. The two conspicuous peoples that go forth everywhere, to dispute ownership, to exploit, to stir into controversy, to demand the sovereignty of the sea, and next of the air; to hold unjustly, and never to restore until compelled to restore—the two war menaces on the earth are Nordic America and Britain—given alphabetically. It is a stern fact that there are

a billion of earth's inhabitants—in Africa, in Central and South America, in Asia, in the islands of the sea, who are nearly afraid to go to sleep at night, lest in the morning they will be deprived of some land or human right by one of these roving Nordics.

The writer says it with tears in his heart—for as far back as he knows, he is Nordic. And he went away from the Carnegie meeting for Peace saying:

1. The Nordic must repent. Can he? Is he past feeling? Is it as it was down in Pharaoh's land—the ruler's heart was hardened? And, will nothing but a Red Sea disaster bring him to his senses—and that will be too late! How many plagues will it take to make the Nordic—the modern Pharaoh—let the people go from the bondage into which he has forced them, compelling them to make brick without straw? He must repent—which must be shown in works meet for repentance. Resolutions, church conference without neighborly acts and brotherly good will will be worse than nothing. So said the millions speaking in Carnegie Hall, at the Peace Meeting.

2. War must be de-socialized. Unquestionably, progress has been made in the mind's attitude towards war. The last great step that has been taken—one with which UNITY's readers have happily from the beginning been made acquainted—has been to get the idea of outlawry, of de-legalizing war into the public mind. Following this must come its de-socialization. According to Paul Meng, China reached an attitude 2400 years ago which we must struggle on to reach! The Chinese then learned to regulate their lives by three principles: non-aggression, abolition of soldiery, application of projecting love. The Chinese had de-socialized war. Centuries afterwards the Nordics, came smashing along, with their guns. Is this too high a standard for Nordic endeavor? Let us hope that the time is ripe for this forward step. Let the church congress of "1000 picked men" set before them these high ideas attained by the Chinese 400 years B. C. and strive to bring Christendom up to them! But, first, that congress of churchmen must repent, as must America and Britain. In sackcloth and ashes, the Nordic invaders must ask for forgiveness, must restore—then the doors leading to good will and peace will open wide. The writer is not saying this. The power of eternal justice is saying it; and, what is more, is demanding it, and will secure it! And the doors to good will and peace never will open except on these terms!

P. S. Monday morning. Senator Borah spoke yesterday on peace. He said that the "spell of the World War" cannot be broken unless there is a "change of attitude." The "war spirit still holds us." "We must cease to act under the guidance and direction of the past, and begin to consider the rights and the interests of the future." In other words, we must repent. If we repent—in our hands will be put the "golden keys of the morn."

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

"I say to you, watch"; "*watch* and wait"; "*wait* and see"; "*see* now and know"; "*know* thyself." How the maxims run into one another! And they all come back to oneself in the end.

The *American Mercury* quotes an Illinois paper's reference to a "violin recital by Fritz Chrysler." One more bit of evidence that this is indeed the age of the automobile!

The late Edward Payson Weston was a mighty walker. But his art fell on evil days with the advent of the automobile. We wonder if walking is not speedily destined to become what Wendell Phillips used to call one of "the lost arts."

Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air in the British cabinet, has denounced Lloyd-George as "a public entertainer." This strikes us as sound characterization. As "a public entertainer" during the War, the Welshman amused his fellow-countrymen the way Nero amused the Christians in the Coliseum. Entertainment is sometimes expensive.

The newspaper furore over Harry Sinclair and Al Caponi reveals an interesting fact—that it is an occasion for first-page excitement when a criminal actually goes to jail! Respectfully referred to President Hoover's crime commission.

The Zeppelin fiasco shows how incomplete is man's mastery of Nature. The Cleveland holocaust shows how terribly Nature strikes back when her forces are by some accident unleashed. Yet is victory sure to man in the end! His will is unconquerable, and his courage illimitable.

J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XVII

I Visit Some of the Colonies (Concluded)

Discussion of the Jewish colonies in Palestine inevitably turns upon the communal colonies. These are everywhere the center of controversy. If you believe in these communal experiments, it is inevitable that you should be indifferent to the colonies of the more conservative variety. If, on the other hand, you believe in the individual basis of social organization, then it is inevitable that you should regard the communal affairs with suspicion and distaste. I, as a Gentile and a first visitor, was in the fortunate position of being able to view the situation without prejudices or commitments of any kind. I did my best to keep my eyes and mind wide open, and found no difficulty in feeling intense and sympathetic interest in all I saw. Especially was I stirred to admiration for a directive agency which was willing to foster colonies of various types, and open the way for heroic Jews to settle upon the land on their own terms and in their own way. There may be better or worse, even right or wrong, ways of rebuilding the ancient homeland in Zion, but there is only one spirit, and no atom of this spirit is the Zionist movement permitting to be lost None the less, the communal colonies are the challenge of the hour. To them I found myself flung back in every discussion, and my whole attitude thus determined by my reaction upon this single group. Hence the necessity of beginning—and ending—with the Communists!

I

It is from this standpoint that I must regard it as tragic that I studied the communal colonies under the worst possible conditions, and therefore saw them in the least favorable light. In the first place, I did not visit at all the best, because the oldest and most successful of these colonies, Daganiah, founded in 1909, and Merhaviah, founded in 1910, were on my route, but I missed them both owing to the impossible conditions of storm and flood which prevailed when I came into their neighborhood.

In the second place, the four colonies of this type which I managed to see, were living under such extraordinary conditions of cold and wet that nothing was normal. Inwardly, in the psychological condition of the colonists, as well as outwardly, in the physical condition of their homes and barns, everything was awry. Nevertheless, in "Dilk," where I spent an afternoon, in Ain Harod and in Beth Alpha, where I spent the night, and in the Girls' Settlement near Petah Tikweh, I made careful observations, had long conferences with members, and gathered thus directly abundant facts. The whole experience was somber enough—but there may be advantage as well as disadvantage in seeing things at their worst. One at least escapes for good and all the charge of being duped!

Taking all adverse conditions into full account, and with the best will in the world, I must still record as my first impression the bareness, grimness, even ugliness of the life which these communal workers are living. In other colonies, some of them of more recent growth than the Kvutzah, I saw pretty gardens, lawns and trees and flowers, but none in the communal settlements. In the homes which I visited in the individualistic colonies, I saw abundant evidences of modest beauty and adornment, but in Ain Harod and Beth Alpha there was nothing but the bare rudiments of existence. I can remember seeing in the common room of the Girls' Settlement some two or three pictures of Zionist heroes; in a private room at "Dilk" there were family portraits on the wall; in the room in which I slept at Beth Alpha there was a tiny picture on one wall, and a pathetic little sprig of flowers on the table.

But with these exceptions, I saw nothing in these colonies but objects of sternest and meagrest utility.

This aspect of life was most apparent, perhaps, in the matter of eating. Food was hospitably given wherever I went; and I am in the habit of accepting what is placed before me by my host in the grateful conviction that he is sharing with me the best he has. But the serving of food, if not the food itself, may properly be judged as an evidence of living standards. In Beth Alpha, I ate twice with the members of the colony. At both meals, the members ate all their food from a single bowl and with a single spoon. In this colony, as in the other communal colonies where I ate, the rough wooden tables were uncovered, and were utterly bare of even the simplest adornment. Am I unfair in contrasting this experience with my experience in colonies of other types—in Herzlia, where I partook of a full dinner, served with extreme simplicity, but with the nicest sense of refinement and delicacy—or in Kfar Aaron, where I took tea, with tablecloths, napkins, pretty dishes, flowers and fruit, to give grace and beauty to the function. On these occasions, as at Beth Alpha, there was no wasteful expenditure—life was here also reduced to a minimum! But in the one case there was the roughness, the crudity, the ugliness of a mining camp; in the others, there was that regard for those basic amenities which mark the difference between civilization and barbarism.

It is this contrast between ugliness and some attempt at least at beauty, between the utilization of sheer brute necessities and the cultivation of those gracious conventions which make life human, which remains as my last, as it was my first impression of these colonies. Generalizations are always dangerous; there are exceptions in detail to every sweeping assertion. Yet I feel that I am not far wrong when I state that, as I moved toward the right, toward the individualistic type of colony, I felt myself moving toward the higher standards of cultured life, whereas, in moving toward the left, toward the communistic type of colony, I seemed to be moving back toward the conditions of primitive existence. The matter of roads is a perfect illustration of what I mean. It was to me a shocking thing to find the houses in Ain Harod and Beth Alpha lost in an indescribable mire of mud and slime. Did nobody care enough about decency and comfort, or have adequate anticipation of bad weather in the winter season, to provide at least a row of stepping-stones between one building and another? Inquiry brought no better reply than that of the shiftless man who failed to shingle his leaky roof—in good weather they did not need roads or paths, and in bad weather they could not make them. Friends suggested that these

colonies, founded some seven or eight years ago, were new, and conditions therefore still very crude. But in Herzlia, which is only three years old, I noticed roads. Here the people had had the desire and the will to provide excellent channels of communication between house and house, and between the village and the outer world. In this place as not in the other two there were the external aspects at least of humane existence.

Criticism of this kind may well be regarded, perhaps, as of the familiar bourgeois variety. I know, in other words, that, in voicing these complaints, I am exposing myself to classification with the woman who wanted to know why the slum-dwellers insisted upon living in such terrible places, or even with the Queen who asked why the starving Parisians didn't eat cake if they couldn't get bread. And I am ready to agree that such classification would be just, did I not hasten to point out that the Communists in Palestine are contending with unique conditions of struggle and hardship which make such experiences as I have deplored perhaps inevitable.

Thus, these Communists are poor as none of the rest of the Chaluzin are poor. Other colonists, like the newest settlers at Narthanyah, have begun their life upon the land with capital resources of their own. The Communists, *per contra,* have invariably had nothing but what they could borrow from the Zionist agencies. Even this has not always been provided them as agreed, owing to unexpected failures in Zionist income. What is more, the Communists, just because of their poverty, have been unable to be pickers and choosers of the land upon which they would settle. Utterly dependent upon what they could get, they have again and again been forced, like any other beggars, to take whatever would be given them. I have never seen anything more heart-breaking than the rocky soil out of which the settlers at "Dilb" were wresting an existence. The story of the draining of the marshes in the Emek was a veritable saga of heroism. To see these things is to see the indispensable place which these communal colonies hold in the whole campaign for the recapture of Palestine. For these colonies are the only ones which can survive in certain areas of the country; these colonists are the only men and women who have at once the capacity and the destiny to grapple with the most primitive and cruel conditions of human survival. In a large part of Palestine, if the land is to be reclaimed and Israel redeemed, life must start again at the very lowest levels of labor and culture, and there for a considerable time it must remain. The Communists, and apparently the Communists alone, are able to meet this challenge. And it is very largely because they alone have the courage and the sacrifice to meet it, that I found them alone among such conditions as I have described. They are not to be blamed, therefore, but praised. Yet does there linger in my mind the question as to whether, after nearly a decade, such crudities as I witnessed are still inevitable; the fear that the very absorption of these people in the physical struggle may be killing out certain aesthetic and cultural interests which in the long run, and from the higher point of view, are as necessary to men as bread; and the speculation as to whether, in the communist system of social organization, there may not be an atrophying of individual responsibility which produces such crudities and neglects as I have emphasized.

III

But these are, perhaps, surface facts. The great thing, after all, is the shining spectacle of these heroic men and women coming to the worst land with empty hands, not merely to make a living but to restore a commonwealth. They are like the early New England pioneers, with the difference that the Americans had the easier lot and the simpler task, for they were taking over virgin soil of abundant richness, whereas these Jews are cultivating a wasted land which will yield its fruits only when watered with men's sweat and tears. Under the worst conceivable conditions, these communal colonies are registering success.

Thus, they are "making things pay," even as judged from the rigorous capitalistic standpoint. If they made no profit at all, these colonies would be a good investment for the Zionists, for common homes and common farm buildings are cheaper than individual houses and sheds; and equipment, which would have to be immediate and complete in the case of separate individuals, can be spread over a period of years in the case of a cooperative group. The Kvutzah have therefore made practicable an extension of the Zionist movement which would otherwise be impossible. But, apart from this, these colonies have made good. Daganiah is one of the few colonies of any type which have begun paying interest charges on their debts. "Dilb" last year made a clear profit over all obligations and charges. Other colonies are making good progress toward economic independence. If the communal experiments are financially unsound, it is only because the whole Zionist movement is unsound. Which has been charged, but never proved!

More impressive, because more fundamental, is the success of the communal colonies in building a radical type of society which is destined, apparently, to hold together. For the first time we have communities of the Utopian form which seem to be weathering those storms of human nature before which all other experiments of the kind have sooner or later foundered. I searched this question with every curious inquiry which I could make. Always I was impressed with the frank and full replies which I received. There was no evasion of issues; no avoidance of facts; no ignorance of experience. These Communists had thought their problems through, and had wrought out their convictions with an honesty and fearlessness which were thrilling. I have never in my life faced clearer minds, or more humble, stalwart, steadfast spirits.

"What about slackers?" I said. The problem of the man who is willing to let the other fellow do the work? Very quietly there came back the reply, "The problem exists—we cannot escape it." Then came the further word, that this is a problem which cures itself. The steady impact of public opinion acts as a potent expulsive force. Sooner or later the slacker finds that he is in the wrong place, and voluntarily seeks a more congenial climate. Not yet has the slacker become in any colony a permanent source of weakness. Much more serious than this occasional slacker is the man or woman who becomes tired, or who desires to use the training exhaustingly acquired in the Kvutzah under easier conditions or for individual gain. Persons of this type are constantly draining away from the communal settlements. Nahalal, for example, is largely peopled by former Communists. But not yet has the flow become excessive. The great majority of Com-

munists remain steadfast to the experiment which has become their very life. Their calm determination and buoyant happiness are among the most impressive things I saw in Palestine.

"Is there any quarreling?" was another of my questions. What about frayed nerves, uneven tempers, unmastered temperaments; envyings, jealousies, malice? To this the response was direct and emphatic —personal frailties of this type did not appear. Quarreling was not a problem. Tempers were tamed by hard work. There were no jealousies, for in a communal society there is nothing to get jealous about. Idealism was proving its capacity to purge the heart of petty personalities. And anyhow, these communities are purely voluntary associations, and the backbiter, like the slacker, can always leave.

But what about family life? Do husbands and wives suffer for lack of a home? Does the communal relation lead to broken marriages? Do children, separated from parents, lose affection for their parents, or parents for their children?

On these points I encountered the most interesting and satisfying disclosures. Marriage, celebrated usually by civil, sometimes by religious rites, is common; divorces or separations are unknown; sex difficulties have simply not appeared. At bottom, in these colonies, is an absorption in an inspiring and laborious task which leaves neither time nor strength for bickering inside or philandering outside the family relationship. The rigor of the life, if not an established code of law, tends to create a standard of morals more stern than anything the Puritans in their day ever knew. Added to this, in the communal system of society, is a mutuality of experience which makes broken marriages improbable if not impossible. "Marriage is frequently a failure in capitalistic society," said one of the pioneers in Ain Harod, "because of economic conditions. It is the struggle for a living, the comparisons and competitions in a community where money is the measure of all things, the pride of success and the humiliation of failure—it is these things that wreck the private home. Here we are all in the same boat. Husbands and wives are members together in the larger community. Our marriages hold not because our human nature is different, but because the conditions of our common life are favorable to the permanency of the marital relation. We have solved the economic problem, and therewith have solved the marriage problem."

The question of the children was answered in an equally encouraging way. Do children in a communal colony know their parents? You should have seen the two-year-old in the nursery at "Dilb," when his father, our guide about the place, unexpectedly made his appearance. A shout, a cry, uplifted arms, and in a trice the little one was in his father's embrace! And such a wail when the father put the youngster down, and went on his way with us! Are the parents in a communal colony fond of their children? I shall never forget the young father whom we found on our arrival in the children's house at Ain Harod. The rainstorm was so terrific that work in the colony was at a standstill, and this young man was choosing to spend his free time with his first-born. We met him helping the youngster, with the most tender and solicitous devotion, to learn to walk. We went away after a while to inspect the settlement, and were gone over an hour. When we came back, there was this young man playing so intently with his child that he hardly gave us a glance of recognition! Here were love, loyalty, patience, utter sacrifice, all enthroned forever in the heart of this young father! Nor shall I soon forget the young man who accompanied us from Jerusalem to Beth Alpha. He had been absent from the colony for three days, on a visit to relatives in the Holy City. We reached the colony about four o'clock in the afternoon, and he immediately disappeared. We did not see him again until seven o'clock, at dinner. "Here is an interesting side-light on life in this colony," said Dr. Magnes, after a moment's chat with the young man in the Hebrew tongue. "He has been up to the children's house ever since his arrival, playing with his children."

I should say that nothing seemed to me quite so healthy, quite so wholesome and encouraging, as the life of the children in these communal colonies. This is not perhaps surprising, for, quite apart from all personal domestic questions, the members are lavishing an attention and devotion upon their children which constitutes the central passion of their lives. They are doing this, of course, for the children's sake. But they are also doing it for the colonies' sake. Right here in these children, they well know, is the final answer to the question as to whether their great communal experiment is going to succeed or not. Will these children be willing to endure the hardships and make the sacrifices that are the commonplace of their parents' lives Will the second generation "stand by" and "carry on," or will they, as they come to manhood and womanhood, feel the itch for gain, the temptation to selfish ease and luxury, and drift back into the competitive world in quest of its glittering baubles of success? If these children fail, then, no matter what the parents have done, their adventure fails as well. Hence a care for the children, a devotion to their interests, a sacrifice of all else to their needs, which is one of the loveliest and most touching things that I have ever seen. And the children are wonderful youngsters! I cannot believe that such stock, reared and trained with such clear-visioned service of high ends, can ever fail.

IV

One last and greatest thing is to be said about the success of these communal colonies. In all the Palestinian colonies, whatever their character, one feels the thrill and stir of an heroic movement for a great ideal. This movement does not quicken in the old colonies today as it does in the new—in Petah Tikweh and Rishon le Zion, for example, there is the calm content of deeds done and achievements wrought. But still, even in these older places, there is the uplift of this great adventure of the Jewish people for the redemption of Israel. Here are men and women who have come from the four quarters of the earth, left behind everything familiar and dear to their accustomed ways, hazarded all that life had to offer, for the fulfilment of the dream of the Jews restored to the sacred soil of the land of Moses, David, and the Maccabees. These men and women have labored, and are laboring, like the slaves of old, only they are now free men cherishing a dream of larger freedom. They are planting vineyards in desert places, sweetening water that has long run with poison and decay, lifting songs in hills and vales long silent with the blight of death. They are reclaiming Israel—making sacred

again and in a nobler way the homeland of their fathers. And the thrill of such a work is in the air these people breathe, and in the very dust they tread.

This you feel in the communal colonies, as in the others. But in the communal colonies you feel something else as well. It is the spirit of dedication not merely to Zion, but to a better Zion; it is the contagion of an enthusiasm not merely to reclaim the land, but to restore it to ways of justice, righteousness and peace which shall fulfil the defeated dreams of the prophets who are Israel's greatest gift to humankind. The thought of the Communists far outreaches and transcends the bounds of the Zionist movement itself. They are Zionists, to be sure; but also more than Zionists. If Zionism meant nothing other than populating and planting Palestine, and adding one more to the nations of the world, they would not be interested. But what they see in Palestine today is a chance to build a new nation—to begin the age-old social experiment all over again—to avoid the mistakes that have cursed and ultimately destroyed all civilizations hitherto, and by laying deep and sure at the start the durable conditions of brotherhood and peace; establish at last the ideal society upon the earth. This, to these Communist Jews, has from the beginning been the unique mission of Israel. If the Jews are not here to lead mankind in ways of justice and larger freedom, exactly as taught by the ancient prophets, then they have no special calling, they have endured and suffered through the ages in vain, and now in this late day of liberation, may as well merge their destiny with other men. But they *have* a special calling! God has called them to build the new Jerusalem, that shall be a light to all the nations. And this the Communists would do!

It is this conscious sense of an ideal social mission that gives the communal colonies in Palestine a uniquely glorious character. Whether they succeed or fail, they are bestowing upon Zionism that luster of dream and vision of the ideal day to come, that already makes this movement to be unparalleled among the pioneering movements of history.

These other colonies are splendid (said a distinguished Palestinian leader to me), but I can't get a bit excited about them. They are doing what has been done a thousand times before. It's the old individualistic system, working by the same old selfish methods to the same old selfish ends of material gain and power. But these communal colonies—here is something new! It is the heart of man refusing to be defeated in its eternal quest for brotherhood. The prophets are speaking once again in the lives of these pioneers. I had rather see Zion try and fail in the Kvutzah, than succeed in the old fat and prosperous ways that we know so well in other countries underneath the sun. If man has any future, it is in these bitter, cruel struggles of undaunted men for a better way of life.

V

We had been talking in the common room at Beth Alpha for hours. The rain, lashed against the walls and windows by a driving gale, smothered our voices. The air, untempered by a ray of heat, congealed our breath to foggy vapor and chilled us to the bone. Dr. Magnes and I were dressed exactly as when we had arrived—our feet encased in heavy arctics, our bodies wrapped in our greatcoats, our hands covered with damp and soggy gloves. I looked at the room, dimly lit by a central lamp suspended from the roof—the board floor smeared with the mud of many tracking feet, the long, rough wooden tables running the length of the room, a shabby piano in the corner, the low walls bare of picture or decoration. I looked at the colonists—sitting alone, or talking quietly in groups, two playing silently at chess in the dark farther end of the room. The night watchman came in, his boots heavy with mud to the knees, his coat dripping with rain, his rifle slung across his back. There was no animation, no gaiety anywhere—scarcely a sound except the wind and rain. We were too cold to move, too wet to be of good cheer. Was it not time for bed!

I pondered the men with whom I had been talking. One was the man who had led us in to Beth Alpha that day. He was the son of a prosperous, middle-class family, a university graduate, a Doctor of Laws. Across the table was a second man, who had answered my questions. His dark, earnest, care-worn face seemed to match his scholarly standing as a Ph. D. We arose, took lanterns, and went out into the drenching night. And as we parted, I bowed inwardly in reverence before men the latchets of whose shoes I was not worthy to unlace.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

To a Christian Minister Who Approves Hanging

Dear Sir:

May I call your attention to an interesting commentary on Hanging (and Flogging) that is to be found on Page 278, Vol. I, of Bancroft's "History of Oregon"? These two forms of punishment had been tried out, at the suggestion of certain of the American settlers, by the chiefs of the several Indian tribes of Oregon and Washington. At a council with the whites, held after a period of experimental effort to apply this new "Christian" code, one of the native leaders, Peupeumoxmox,

. . . arose and inquired: "Where are these laws from? Are they from God, or from the earth? I would that you might say they were from God; but I think they are from the earth." . . . When told that the laws were recognized by God, and imposed on men in all civilized countries, the chief expressed himself pleased to hear that it was so, because many of his people had been angry with him when they were whipped for crimes, and had declared that he would be sent to hell for it. Therefore he was relieved to know that his conduct was pleasing to God.

Now, I too—as a unit of the State, and therefore a participator in punishment by hanging—am pleased to hear, from a Christian minister, that this law of a life for a life is "from God" and not "from the earth." For I too had been angry with those whom I regarded as responsible for that law. But if God approves, if Jesus Christ approves, then who am I to offer any sentimental protestations!

Here is a suggestion, brother. It is well known that most prison officials feel a certain reluctance to hang the condemned. Then why not let the chaplain do it? The latter would have the strengthening advantage of a sense of having done his Christian duty.

But here is a difficulty. "Let us teach the principle of Christian ethics," you say. Now, if hanging

(Author's Note: The following is an open letter addressed, at the invitation of the editor of a Western magazine, to a Christian minister who had contributed to that periodical an article in defense of Capital Punishment.)

is a part of this principle, will not the teaching of it to the "criminal" be attended with some danger to the rest of us? Will not the "criminal" want to hang us all?

But enough of this very un-Christian tone. For, I would emulate your opponent, Mr. Older: the thing that commends his argument a little more than your own is that I find a little less of *hate* in his.

Really, my friend, have you calmly considered what would be your answer to the question: "In which should I choose to live, a gallows-less world or one in which men hanged men?" I'll take the gallows-less one, risk my own head in that.

Yes, let us indeed educate. But educate whom? All but the supposedly worst offender? For, assuming that we educate him by means of a march to the gallows, when and where is he going to use the education we shall have so nobly given him, once we have hanged him by his neck until he is dead? What is our object? To cultivate a distaste for high crime in the new citizen of Heaven—or Hell, or wherever it is that we are sending him to?

"But cold-blooded murder!" you say. I think the only really cold-blooded murder ever committed was that by the State. You may be sure that not many public executioners are warm-blooded at their task.

You say very few men—even the most sentimental—are willing to let evil-doers go free. Go free? That's another matter. If we confine the harmlessly unbalanced, how much more should we restrain the dangerously insane.

But not all *are* insane, you declare. And I agree. There, unfortunately, is a common error. We can never succeed in our fight against crime so long as we continue our stupid habit of putting all offenders in a single category. Just as there are men who are physically diseased and men who are physically undeveloped (but not necessarily sick), so are there those who are mentally ill and those who are mentally dwarfed (though not, correctly speaking, diseased). A young man left San Quentin a short time ago after serving a five year sentence there. He admitted to the writer of this letter that the experience had been "hell." And yet he had the poor judgment not only to trust a complete stranger with his story, but also to declare his intention of repeating his old offense. Now, he was, in a general way, no less normal than thousands of others of correspondingly low mentality. But he was not only undeveloped in the matter of good judgment but also had not the slightest sense of duty to his fellows—with the exception of a few "pals," to whom he was capable of a very splendid loyalty. I wonder if there might not have been some way of cultivating in him such a sense, during his five years in prison.

No, not all are insane, except in the sense that each of us—except those who have arrived at being gods, saints, and angels!—is more or less insane. Notwithstanding the arbitrary manner in which our alienists classify us as either normal men and women or "cases," there is no sharp line between the two. In the words of Conrad Aiken, "Whoso among you that is without insanity, let him think the first think."

But some are, indeed, ill. And what shall we do with these—or such of them as we do not hang? Coddle them like sick men? Why not! If a man becomes tubercular, we try to place him in a situation that is ideal, in order that he may get well. (We do not hang him.) If a man be in a like state of mental ill-health, shall we, then, create for him, by means of antiquated penal conditions, an environment even more vicious than the one that has caused him to grow up a criminal? Or shall we let him, too, taste of the wholesome things for which we send our sons to college, to the concert hall, and the theatre? Nay, sir, let us no longer hang these prodigal brothers of ours. Let us rather feed them on at least such a mental and spiritual diet as we, in our self-righteousness, demand for our own inner health.

Perhaps Mr. Benjamin Gerig, addressing another Christian minister, in UNITY for August 13th, 1928, has submitted a suggestion still better than the one above: Mr. Gerig proposes that we "install the guillotine right next to the altar," instead of asking the prison chaplain to do the deed. I doubt if there is a chaplain in the land who would consent to do what you seem to regard as but your ministerial duty. I know of but one way in which you may put the sincerity of your attitude to a definite test: to do, yourself, the actual hanging of a prisoner or two. I dare you to!

And before you annihilate your first victim, ask yourself this question: "How completely innocent am I, a member of the same social group with this offender, of the crime for which I hang him?" It is only as an accomplice in racial wrong-thinking and wrong-doing, of which we all are more or less guilty, that the criminal offends. Go to your task, reverend sir, with a copy of Kahlil Gibran's "The Prophet" in your hand. Read there what another says of Crime and Punishment:

> As a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree,
> So the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all.
>
> And again
>
> You cannot separate the just from the unjust and the good from the wicked;
> For they stand together before the face of the sun even as the black thread and the white are woven together.
> And when the black thread breaks, the weaver shall look into the whole cloth, and he shall examine the loom also.

T. E. MERRITT.

Four Definitions

Fire

Fire
Is a monster
Dressed in crimson robes,
That crawls through the valley
Feeding on a forest.

Truth

Truth
Is a virgin
Whose chastity
Is unravished by
The passions of
Hate.

Hate

Hate
Is a raven
That perches on
The window sill of life
When the shadows of
Suspicion gather.

Hate

Hate
Is a panther
That lurks in the
Darkness of an evil heart
Ready to spring upon its
Foe.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XXX

That Wonderful Scene!

Thus while on the one hand the agitation against the Rowlatt Committee's report gathered volume and intensity, on the other the Government grew all the more determined to give effect to its recommendations and the Rowlatt Bill was published. I have attended the proceedings of India's legislative chamber only once in my life and that was on the occasion of the debate on this Bill. Sastriji delivered an impassioned speech in which he uttered a solemn note of warning to the Government. The Viceroy seemed to be listening spell-bound, his eyes riveted on Sastriji as the latter poured forth the hot stream of his eloquence. For the moment it seemed to me as if the Viceroy could not but be deeply moved by it, it was so true and so full of feeling.

But you can wake a man only if he is really asleep; no effort that you may make will produce any effect upon him if he is merely pretending sleep. That was precisely the Government's position. It was anxious only to go through the farce of legal formality. Its decision had already been made. Sastriji's solemn warning was, therefore, entirely lost upon the Government.

In these circumstances mine could only be a cry in the wilderness. I earnestly pleaded with the Viceroy. I addressed him private letters as also public letters in the course of which I clearly told him that the Government's action left me no other course except to resort to Satyagraha. But it was all in vain.

The Bill had not yet been gazetted as an Act. I was in a very weak condition, but I decided to take the risk of a long journey when I received an invitation from Madras. I could not at that time sufficiently raise my voice for meetings. The incapacity to address meetings while standing still abides. My entire frame would shake and heavy throbs would start on an attempt to speak standing for any length of time.

I have ever felt myself at home in the South. Thanks to my South African work I felt I had some sort of special right over the Tamils and Telugus, and the good people of the South have never belied my belief. The invitation had come over the signature of the late Sjt. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar. But the man behind the invitation, as I subsequently learned on my way to Madras, was Rajagopalachari. This might be said to be my first acquaintance with him; at any rate, this was the first time that we came to know each other personally.

Rajagopalachari had then only recently left Salem to settle down for legal practice in Madras at the pressing invitation of frends like the late Sjt. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar and that with a view to taking a more active part in public life. It was with him that we had put up in Madras. This discovery I made only after we had stayed with him for a couple of days. For since the bungalow that we were staying in belonged to Sjt. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar I was under the impression that we were his guests. Mahadev Desai, however corrected me. He very soon formed a close acquaintance with Rajagopalachari who from his innate shyness kept himself constantly in the background. But Mahadev put me on my guard. "You should cultivate this man," he said to me one day.

And so I did. We daily discussed together plans of fight, but besides the holding of public meetings I could not then think of any other program. I felt myself at a loss to discover how to offer civil disobedience against the Rowlatt Bill if it was finally passed into law. One could disobey it only if the Government gave one the opportunity for it. Failing that could we civilly disobey other laws? And if so, where was the line to be drawn? These and a host of similar questions formed the theme of these discussions of ours.

Sjt. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar called together a small conference of leaders to thrash the matter out. Among those who took a conspicuous part in it was Sjt. Vijayaraghavachari. He suggested that I should draw up a comprehensive manual of the science of Satyagraha embodying even minute details. I felt the task to be beyond my capacity and I confessed as much to him.

While these cogitations were still going on, news was received that the Rowlatt Bill had been published as an Act. That night I fell asleep while thinking over the question. Towards the small hours of the morning I woke up somewhat earlier than usual. I was still in that twilight condition between sleep and consciousness when suddenly the idea broke upon me—it was as if in a dream. Early in the morning I related the whole story to Rajagopalachari.

"The idea came to me last night in a dream, that we should call upon the country to observe a general *hartal*. Satyagraha is a process of self-purification and ours is a sacred fight and it seems to me to be in the fitness of things that it should be commenced with an act of self-purification. Let all the people of India, therefore, suspend their business on that day and observe the day as one of fasting and prayer. The Musalmans may not fast for more than one day; so the duration of the fast should be 24 hours. It is very difficult to say whether all the provinces would respond to this appeal of ours or not, but I feel fairly sure of Bombay, Madras, Bihar and Sindh. I think we should have every reason to feel satisfied even if all these places observe the *hartal* fittingly."

Rajagopalachari was at once taken up with my suggestion. Other friends, too, welcomed it when it was communicated to them later. I drafted a brief appeal. The date of the *hartal* was first fixed on the 30th March, 1919, but was subsequently changed to 6th April. The people thus had only a short notice of the *hartal*. As the work had to be started at once there was hardly any time to give a longer notice.

But who knows how it all came about? The whole of India from one end to the other, towns as well as villages, observed a complete *hartal* on that day. It was a most wonderful scene.—M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by P.)

The Study Table

Poetry

Edwin Arlington Robinson's new volume* belongs with "Avon's Harvest," "The Man Who Died Twice," and especially "Roman Bartholow," rather than with the lovely series of Arthurian poems, of which "Tristram" was the latest and most successful. The style of work represented by "Cavender's House" really goes back to the author's early days, as witness "Captain Craig," and it pervades in one way or another all his writings. It is that introspective study of a soul in some tragic situation of outward circumstance or inward agony, or both, which Robert Browning made forever memorable in his monologues. Robinson's method is precisely that of Browning—to place a person in some climatic or characteristic setting of experience, and then slowly, step by step, or rather line by line, probe to the inner depths and there lay bare the heart. The interest is purely psychological — and, while a tale of dramatic intensity is often involved, this tale is invariably a thing of atmosphere and shadow, rather than of reality. Not in what has happened, but in the psychological causes of what has happened, and particularly in the psychological reactions upon what has happened, is the poet interested. Even in "Tristram," a famous tale wonderfully told, Robinson displayed his psychological trends in a way to confuse the story for many readers, to deepen and glorify it for many others, but merely to make it unrecognizable to Mallory, could he by any chance return to read it.

In "Cavender's House," we have a man come back to the scene of the crime which twelve years before had ended his married life, and sent him forth, like Cain, a wanderer over the earth. Suspicious of his wife, probably unjustly so, he had thrown her over a rocky cliff, to her death. Now he comes back secretly, on a moonlit night, to his deserted house, and lives over again his monstrous deed. As he sits alone in thought, his inner longings seem to project themselves into the outward appearance and likeness of his murdered wife. And the poem is the communion of these two spirits.

Robinson has perfected a blank verse style ideally adapted to this type of work. Smoother than Browning, somber, powerful, full of surprises and suggestions, of blurred outlines and shadowed depths, it has a mystical quality of strange and wondrous beauty. A passage describing Cavender's dread of his empty house illustrates, and at the same time describes, what we mean:

> The piece of moonlit floor between his feet
> Would show him all there was, and hold his eyes
> Till he saw less; for *there were pictures on it,*
> *Like shadows on black waters in a well,*
> *Darker than any well.*

This somber quality matches closely the poet's thought as well as feeling, for Robinson has none of Browning's confident and triumphant optimism. He feels the mystery of life, and its essential tragedy, and pretends to no understanding of its meaning.

> But who are we to say when all is done?
> Was ever an insect flying between two flowers
> Told less than we are told of what we are?

Gibson's new volume* is an overflowing collection of little pieces, written since the publication of his "Collected Poems" in 1925. This English poet has a sure dramatic instinct, a keen insight into situations, a tender human sympathy, and a certain bare, limpid, simple beauty all his own. Many of the poems in this volume remind us of Thomas Hardy's work — the ability to present a whole drama in a dozen lines! If Gibson does not have the Aeschylean grandeur and terror of the older artist, he has a kindlier note, as he surely has a smoother line. Hardy was great in everything he did—a giant always. Gibson not so! But Gibson is none the less a true poet, and his genius burns through the years with a steadier light than that of most of the other English poets of this day. We have admired Gibson ever since he wrote his unforgettable "Daily Bread," and it comforts us to find him still writing with his vigor unabated, and his pity for mankind as warm as ever.

Lucia Trent has just come newly to UNITY's staff as one of our poetry editors. Her earlier book of verse, "Dawn Stars," revealed great beauty, a sure power to depict intimate experience, and prophetic vision. The best in this volume, however, hardly prepared one for the intensity and passion of this new collection of poems.* Miss Trent has lived profoundly in recent years. Wifehood and motherhood have revealed to her their mystic pains and passions. Her soul, like a liberated bird, has quickly and surely flown aloft. And this soul has found words to match its intense emotions. Never does she merely flutter or cry, but soars with steady beat of wings and mounting ecstacy of song. There are poems in this book which are breath-taking in their poignancy and beauty. We shall be amazed if this volume does not win the applause of critical opinion, and rank its author among leading American poets of our day.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Cavender's House," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Published by Macmillan. $2.00.

*"The Golden Room," by Wilfrid Gibson. Published by Macmillan. $2.50.

*"Children of Fire and Shadow," by Lucia Trent. Published by Robert Packard & Co., Chicago.

Correspondence

The Centralia Victims

Editor of UNITY:

I enclose a letter from Eugene Barnett, one of the Centralia I. W. W. prisoners serving time in Walla Walla penitentiary. It gets under the skin a little.

FRED W. SHORTER.

Seattle, Washington.

AN OPEN LETTER

When replying refer to No. 9414.

Dear Mr. Shorter:

I will try to write you a few lines to thank you for the support you are giving us in our fight for belated justice. I assure you that we appreciate the help of yourself and the other ministers very much. The efforts of yourself and colleagues to arouse the church people to a realization of the terrible injustice to which we have been subjected for nearly ten long years should bear fruit in the near future.

Mr. Shorter, I am not a hypocrite, and as I am going to ask you to send copies of this letter to several church publications, I want to make my position clear, so no one can say I am flying under false colors. I want the aid of the church people because I am innocent, and because it is the duty of every American citizen, and more especially

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

QUADRENNIAL ADDRESS OF BOARD OF BISHOPS OF CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST

Religion and Patriotism

. . . Martineau defines religion as: "Belief in an everlasting God; that is, a Divine mind and will, ruling the Universe, and holding moral relations with mankind." Another writer declares "that, indeed, if civilization is not to fall to pieces, there must henceforth be religion infinitely more intense and universal than any the world has yet known." It is obvious that religion is fundamentally essential to human welfare. It is the great barrier against moral corruption and destructive anarchy. Christianity undertakes to modify upwards all human motives so that they operate only for righteousness. Primary religion consists of personal experiences of peace and comfort, strength to bear intolerable burdens, a sense of security, relief under perplexity and anxiety, and ultimately a rising into the eternal. Another aspect of religion is its formal occasions and its every day morality. Inevitably religion must have to do with patriotism and government. Low grade political action is to be resisted and corrected in the light of moral duty. In a democracy citizenship duty is the more responsible.

There is a type of blind and brutal patriotism (with apology to the great word) that clamors for the blood of every pacifist. There are super-patriots who are placed on the black list in peace time and in prison cell in time of war. Defending our country by the method of war does not represent the highest type of statesmanship or patriotism. Any security obtained by war can but be a temporary security. Write it across the sky. Military service is not the highest type of service we can render the State. Let America and the American Church lead in evolving the patriotism of peace. Let America devote her great strength to creating friendship among the nations, to promoting good will, to removing the causes of war through the peaceful adjudications of all differences, to deliberately and openly arranging concessions to the rights of other nations, to withdrawing all unfair discrimination, all greedy exploitation, and cut-throat competition. This would comport with the life and philosophy of Jesus and releasing energy and resources in this policy would beat the guns. Such a policy is far more dynamic and constructive than any amount of military preparedness. Who dares to affirm that the military method of adjusting differences has been a success? The true patriot repudiates war for himself and warns the State against it as a broken reed. The Pacifist acts on the following assumptions: 1. The government is not the State; it is only fallible rulers or officials, representing only partially the public that makes up the State. Without the consent of the governed there can be no claim to authority in a democratic State. 2. The State is not society; it is one of the institutions created by society for its service; hence it has no absolute claim on the individual. 3. The State is not a god, above the moral law; it must be judged by the moral law. It follows that one's highest loyalty is not to the government as such, not to the State, but to Society, or to humanity, or to the moral law within, or to God. If loyalty to the State as constituted, conflicts with a higher loyalty there can be no hesitation in holding true to the latter. When the State asks the support of war, it is asking one to be traitor to these higher interests, for war with its methods is their deadly foe and the crime of crimes. Let us accept the duty of deliberately setting out in the pursuit of peace, for that will do more than a thousand battleships to preserve peace. Christianity, political action, patriotism, are much in public thought and we need to forward the highest ideals in each. Unmistakably the political action of this General Conference is to be dedicated by our patriotism for the Kingdom of God and a careful loyalty to our beloved Church and country.

War and World Peace

War and alcoholism stand as the great twin evils of our time. Militarism and war are the most serious challenges to our modern world. World thought needs to take account of the fact that intrigue, secret diplomacy, unscrupulous struggle for markets and raw material, and other provocatives to war are rampant and indulged today. The Church must expend its full strength in the movement for peace. "A social order based upon personal profit rather than the common good; industrial employment so monotonous and poorly compensated that by contrast war appears an escape into adventurous living; an industrial control which appeals to force; the classes estranged from one another; all these problems of our social order and many others beside are inseparably linked with the peace question."

War lives in the passions and emotions of men—some men. It is foolish, suicidal, and wrong. It is a crime by

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of those who profess to be trying to live a righteous life, to protest against injustice.

My father and mother were Christians. I was raised in the Advent Christian faith, and for years took an active part in church and Sunday School work. Also in the Epworth League, of which I was a member. But the fact that in the class struggle the church is almost invariably against the workers and on the side of the oppressors, caused me to quit the church and throw all my energy into the labor movement, which is continually striving to better the conditions under which the producers must toil, and to secure to them a little more of the product of their labor.

When I quit the church I did not do so because I had lost my desire to do right. The Golden Rule has been my guide. In the labor movement I found more true righteousness than in the church. I have never used tobacco in any form in my life. There has been only three years in my life when I would even taste intoxicating liquors. Up until I was twenty-one years old I had never tasted them. Bad food in a Washington logging camp induced me to try them as an appetizer, and for nearly three years I would take an occasional drink. Then I met the girl who became my wife. Since the first day I met her I have never tasted intoxicants of any kind. I do not gamble; and seldom use profanity.

But I am trying to do right for righteousness' sake, and not because of any fear of the hereafter, nor for a reward in a future life.

Since I came into this place I have lost what little belief in God I had left. I cannot believe that there is a God who would be so cruel as to listen to the prayers of my mother, whose faith is unbounded, for more than nine long years without touching the hearts of the Parole Board who profess to believe in him. Each member of the Parole Board has admitted at one time or another their belief in my innocence. Yet they hold me here and release men who are admittedly guilty.

I started working in a coal mine before my eighth birthday, and have earned my living by the sweat of my brow ever since.

You have met my wife and son, so I do not need to tell you what a fine family I have. I am proud of them. When I was outside my evenings and Sundays were spent with them. They were the joy of my life.

At no time in my life have I ever loafed around saloons or pool halls. Yet editor of *Pacific Christian Advocate* tells in his issue of February 14th that 99 per cent of his readers are not interested in the Centralia case. That is exactly why I lost interest in the church. Its membership shut their eyes to such terrible crimes as the railroading to the penitentiary of eight innocent men, and their incarceration for nearly ten long years.

I had absolutely no connection with that trouble in Centralia, and was framed-up, simply because I witnessed the attack on the hall before a shot was fired, and told the truth about it.

In conclusion I want to ask you to send copies of this letter to *The Pacific Christian Advocate, Present Truth Messenger, Social Service Bulletin of Methodist Church, The Christian Century,* and any others you know of that might be interested.

I want also to ask all who read this letter to contribute whatever they can to the Centralia Publicity Committee, 827 N. Tower Avenue, Centralia, Wn., to help finance the work of getting the truth of this travesty of justice before the people. This committee is honest and sincere, and is doing everything it honorably can to bring about our release.

EUGENE BARNETT.

Walla Walla, Wash.

every test. Crime is mental and moral insanity. It is the appeal to brute force and force is not a constructive process. Military enforcements leave an aftermath of unreconcilable protest. Every page of history is eloquent with protest against the supremacy of the sword. France has always carried the vow of reprisal for the loss of unwilling provinces. Crime is the abrogation of moral law and so is war. Even war may not cancel the moral law and escape the penalty. No ruler or government has ever existed that had a hint of a right to annul a scintilla of the moral law. Here is an imperialism that never has uncovered to any earthly monarch. War always means retrogression in the social order of unspeakable seriousness. The world is reaching a new sensibility to this fact. Crime is war on moral law and so is war. Crime is economic folly and concrete human depravity, and so is war. War is a crime that can be ended, therefore be it ours to make war on war, with implements that are not carnal. The hour has come when militarism must go. Too long it has rattled sabers and pushed the common people to the battle lines for carnage and death. Those responsible for war should be placed in the front line of the first battle. Armaments do not assure peace. Preparation to commit crime is not deterrent of crime. Load a man with guns and he is sure to fight. Military appropriations are always sought under the protest of a peace measure. Begone with the deluding sophistry. The lying deception of an armed peace is dying before the eyes of the world today. Beyond a doubt war preparations are promotive of war. Nothing but an act of God could have voided the military preparations of Europe. Instead of armaments being a form of national insurance they are a drag toward barbarism. When will civilization cease spending money under spells of idiocy? Europe as an armed camp has been responsible for the unspeakable Turk. Militarism is forever a deadly menace to the liberties of mankind. Germany would not have dared to despoil gallant little Belgium except for her vast army. The large army invariably prompts diplomatic insolvence and unwarranted conduct.

Our imperative duty is to make an unflinching demand that disarmament shall be promptly entered upon. The War and Navy departments are huge affairs. Their work is supposed to be difficult and highly specialized. Congress has been inclined to permit military officers to formulate our policies and the nation blindly follows. All on the theory that as against the military expert no dissenting oppositions should exist. In America civilians should determine the military policy of their country. Civilization goes down except we hasten to deliver Christendom from militarism. Let us put severe limitations on military expenditure and grow generous in grants for social justice and human uplift. Let us refuse to organize our boys to admire military glamor. Let us take the antidotes for military fever. It should not take a Congress to make us allow that conference is better than war. Let us exalt good will and brotherly love. War negatives every method of God with man. The colossal cost of war was vividly portrayed by Roger Babson, the well-known statistician, at the Good Will Congress of World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches held recently. He said, "War has cost the American people forty-four billion dollars to date, and the United States is expending annually for war purposes three million dollars against two million dollars for schools and one million three hundred thousand for highways." Sixty-seven per cent of all our Congressional appropriations are for military purposes. The contention between Austria and Servia could have been settled by The Hague Tribunal in an hour. A peace conscience must grow into the heart of the world and we must help grow it. Let us consider that another World War would destroy the white race. Twenty-five million young woment in Europe have no chance to marry. There were thirty-seven million war victims: Nine million killed and twenty-one million wounded, permanently crippled. These twenty-five million women who cannot marry unless it be shell shocked, palsied, lame, or blind men, are the real sufferers from the world's greatest calamity. As the London Telegraph declares: "These are the victims of the vilest curse ever put on human beings since the angel with the flaming sword stood guard by the gates of Eden." Let us help arouse the world in a mighty social and religious advance that will heal and help by omitting war forever.

Prohibition and Law Enforcement

For a century the American conscience has struggled with the iniquities, abuses, and curses of the alcoholic beverage trade. For more than fifty years there has been definite work in the direction of prohibition. Prohibition is no nightmare to America's soul but the result of years of educative and moral training. No spasm of unreasoned prejudice accounts for the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The late national election was a fair second test of public opinion on the mooted question. The result put a prohibitionist in the White House and retired a wet to private life. America is not fooling either with her own soul or the liquor traffic. She will never repeal the prohibition amendment. The liquor business always was a measureless wrong. We shall press the impeachment of the liquor traffic until its would-be defenders are brought to silence. "God shake out every man from his house, who performeth this promise and pronouncement." . . .

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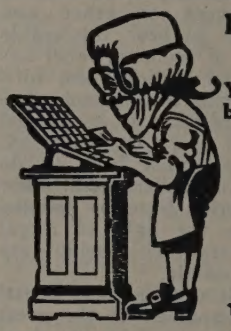

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